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ger to express her regret, "that Frederic and herself were going to tear the grey hairs from each others head."

A POWERFUL ARGUMENT.

"He proves his church true orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks."

At an ordination by the presbytery of ——, in the north of Ireland, the reverend body retired to dinner, after which one of them, with a zeal heated by the enjoyments of the table, started on his feet, and exclaimed, "I hear that some in this company deny the divinity of Christ, let me see the man who dare avow such a sentiment, and I will give him a complete beating." No one ventured to encounter such

formidable arguments, and the champion of orthodoxy obtained an undisputed victory.

PHYSIOGNOMY, A FALLACIOUS TEST OF CHARACTER.

General Loudon, who so often, as leader of the Austrian armies, successfully opposed Frederic II. of Prussia, generally called Frederic the Great, previously to his entering into the Austrian service, offered himself to Frederic, who contemptuously turned away, and said to his suit: "That man's physiognomy does not please me." The king had reason to repent of this refusal, and the candour to avow his regret.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

KITTY, LOVELY BLUE-EYED MAID.

WHEN Kitty, Blue-eyed maid appears!
Fair Kitty, graceful, artless, gay,
Then thrilling joys, and tor'ring fears,
My soul by turns alternate sway.
When blue-eyed Kitty leads the dance,
My fancy paints an angel form;
When Kitty deigns a tender glance,
Re-kindling joys my fancy warm.
Kitty, of Erin's charming maids,
The loveliest, and the fairest now;
When the nipt bloom of beauty fades,
Virtue shall dignify thy brow.
For Kitty, virtue's voice obeys,
Virtue that noblest, richest pearl;
Sweet innocence adorns thy days,
Fair Kitty, lovely blue-eyed girl.
Nature naught can from change restrain!
And Kitty, too, thy charms will fade!
No!—they'll a lasting tinge retain,
For Virtue, guards thee, blue-eyed maid.

THE following short descriptive sketch of Violet-Lodge, the neat residence of Mrs. H**. over-hanging the river Barrow, and within a few miles of Leighlin-bridge, was taken by a lad who had been on a visit there several days.

VIOLET-LODGE.

NOT tow'ring arches here attract the eye,
Nor marble pillars rear their heads on high,
Despotic wealth no dwelling here has found,
Nor soft profusion, lux'ry sheds around.

Far humbler scenes! here charming little spot,
With simple elegance the eye is caught;
The violet tinge, the jess'mine's sweetest bow'r,
The rose, the amaranth, each varied flow'r,
The encircling woodbine, honeysuckle gay,
Here tranquil pleasure, calm delight convey.
Beneath thy brow, a stream with boughs o'erhung,
Its glassy surface slowly winds along:
The distant village,* now the scene adorns,
Rich landscapes constitute, sweet cot, thy charms,
Where mirth, and health, and pleasure ever reign,
And blest contentment is the lot of Jane.†

Rathellen, Oct. 11, 1809.

J.N.

WRITTEN AFTER READING A LETTER ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN, WHO DIED OF THE YELLOW FEVER IN VIRGINIA, AND WAS TO HAVE BEEN MARRIED ON HIS RETURN TO EUROPE.

THIS goodly world, so beauteous and so fair,
The work of wisdom, feels no trivial share,
Of trial, sorrow, misery and pain,
That scarce the wounded bosom can explain;
But suffering virtue, whereso'er thou art,
Do not despair, though with a bleeding heart;

* Bagnels-Town.

† Its fair inhabitant.